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Write It 1907.

Did you date your letters right on Tuesday morning last? Did you stop to think what the change of date meant to you? The savage was wont to cut a notch in the handle of his tomahawk whenever he took a fresh scalp. Did you ever stop to think that Old Time cuts a notch in the handle of his scythe once a year, which means that he is taking your scalp in installments? You did not mind it for a long time. You had so much hair that you laughed when he clipped a lock. But your hair has been growing thin of late and you hate to give it up, for you say to yourself even if you do not admit it to outsiders: "The first I know I shall be scalped sure enough."

Then it makes you impatient to think how much oftener the old hayseed seems to be coming around than he used to. Why it seems but a few days since he was here bringing 1906 in the form of a lusty youngster and with him a world of promises of good. Let us see, can that have been a year ago? It must be for I have just received a telephone from my wife that baby has got a tooth. Think of it. That baby was not born when old hayseed was here last. It must be longer than I thought. Why at that time real estate was reasonable on South Main street. Then copper had not become king. That was before Burley and Lester Freed and Pat Moran had automobiles. That was before the outrageous street car service had been made perfect by the waving of the magic Harriman wand.

Outside of Tonopah, there was not much stir in southern Nevada mining stocks. There was no railroad to Ely or Rhyolite and the Los Angeles Limited had not been put on.

There were no certain promises of ten-story skyscrapers for Salt Lake City at that time. Mr. Bancroft had not started work on his new depots and the Western Pacific had not begun grading. The foundations for the great Garfield plants had not been laid and Harry Joseph had not been elected speaker.

And then, too, there were familiar faces of many on the streets that had walked the streets so long that we did not stop to think they would ever disappear. But they are no more seen. They have passed into the silence. They have joined

that endless procession which moves on and on and never returns; not even the echoes of their footsteps are heard in the distance. It must, indeed, have been long ago since the old bookkeeper was here; he has a right to make another notch on his scythe handle. It is right to write it 1907.

Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The Outlook has three articles on General Lee, 1, "Reminiscences;" 2, "The Surrender at Appomattox," and 3, "General Lee's Place in History." It has beside Miss Valentine's poem, "Mars Robert is Asleep."

The latter is founded on an incident of the war. On the march General Lee laid down upon a log and dropped asleep. A corps of the army came along, a noisy corps, singing and joking, when a big orderly ran up to the van and in a hoarse whisper said: "Hush, Mars Robert is asleep!" The whisper was passed down the column and then those bronzed fighters grew still; the march was changed to a creep and so they passed the sleeping General.

The poem is pretty, but it is not Homeric.

From the Reminiscences the reader gathers the idea that General Lee was a reserved, high-bred, aristocratic, dignified but kindly, man, much in manner like Washington who was his perfect ideal of manhood. He was six feet one inch in height, perfectly straight, perfectly proportioned, with the perfect bearing of a soldier. It is clear that his personal appearance was most impressive. Lord Woolsey thought him the very highest type of man that he had ever seen. He looked as did the man of whom Napoleon said: "He is victory organized." We suspect the secret with him was the same as with Washington—it was the character of the man shining outward that made men unconsciously bow to him.

Once, when debating with his own soul whether to remain in the Federal army or resign and go with his state, he cried out, "How Washington would be grieved were he alive now."

The thought that finally decided him was the thought of Virginia being invaded and plundered by a northern army.

Of his ability as a great military captain, that will be for soldiers to decide. Our thought is that he will be ranked as a great soldier when fighting a defensive battle, and that the eulogy will stop there.

We believe that Stonewall Jackson ranked him as a soldier, we do not believe that anything he or Jackson, or Sherman or Thomas or any of the others compares with Grant's environment and capture of Vicksburg. We do not believe that history has a dozen equal achievements.

The events clustering around the final surrender have been often detailed. This in the Outlook is splendidly told; how after the terms of the surrender had been agreed upon and General Grant was about to put them in writing, he glanced at General Lee's magnificent sword (presented to him by admiring ladies in England) and so after writing the terms of the surrender he added: "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage."

When Lee read that clause he showed the first emotion he had manifested during the interview,

and looking across to Grant said: "This will have a very happy effect upon my army." Then he explained that most of the horses in his army were the private property of the soldiers, whereupon Grant said that he would not change the terms as written, but would have the officers who would be detailed to receive the surrender instructed not to take any horse or mule claimed by a soldier, for he believed the last battle of the war had been fought and the horses would be needed to plant a crop.

But the real glory to General Lee came later. He steadfastly refused to sanction any guerilla warfare and to the close of his life insisted that the war having been decided against the south, it was the duty of every southern man to do his utmost to build up their stricken country and to do their utmost to re-unite and make great the Republic. It was in that insistence that his high character shown out. Think how different it would have been had he used his great power to make another Mexico of our country.

He was a lusty rebel, but he was an American through and through.

Herbert Howe Bancroft's History.

That miserable hired prevaricator, V. S. Peet, has found an appropriate organ in this city through which to void his filth. In a recent contribution he quotes from Herbert Howe Bancroft and says of him: "Mr. Bancroft is considered by professors of schools, colleges, ministers of the gospel and thinkers as an A No. 1 authority on any subject on which he writes." Then he quotes from Bancroft's History of Utah.

Back in the eighties, Herbert Howe Bancroft came to this city ostensibly to collect materials for his history of Utah. He told the writer of this, shortly after coming here, that if he were young again, he would start a religion, expressing the belief that starting religions was about the most successful money making scheme in the world.

He remained here ten days or two weeks. He searched no archives, looked up no incidents or legends; took no pains to acquaint himself with facts, but simply lollied the time away around the Continental hotel.

But he received callers and the result was that he struck a bargain with the authorities of the Mormon church. The terms of the bargain were that he was guaranteed the sale here of a certain number of volumes of his so-called history, in all we are informed \$30,000 worth, in consideration of which he agreed to publish a "history" of Utah to be prepared by a prominent Mormon writer. The result was something just as reliable, just such a perversion of facts as would have been had V. S. Peet been set aside and ordained to prepare the shameful tissue of falsehoods known as "Bancroft's History of Utah." Bancroft did not write one word of it. He came here simply to work the Mormon church for money. He succeeded beautifully, but the church got good and even in the sinister transaction. The Tribune at the time stated the above facts much more pungently than they are given above and added to them such an analysis of Herbert Howe Bancroft's character as would have brought a shotgun